I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling pirates that fall out,
I shaking out that which you haue pild from me :
Which of you tremble not that looke on me ?
If not, that I being *Queene*, you bow like subiects.
Yet that by you disposd, you quake like rebels :
O gentle villaine, doe not turne away.

Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Qu. Mar. But repitician of what thou hast mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe :
A husband and a sonne thou owest vnto me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you alleagence :
The sorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe, is mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father layd one thee,
When thou didst Crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drew riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'st the Duke a clout
Steept in the blood of pritty *Rutland* :
His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Qu. So iust is God to rite the innocent.

Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe,
And the most mercilesse that euer was heard of.

Ri. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported,

Dors. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.

Buc. *Northumberland* then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What ? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred now on me ?
Did *Yorkes* dread curse preuaile so much with heauen,
That *Henries* death my louely *Edwards* death,
Their Kingdomes lost my woefull banishment,
Could all but answere for that peeuish brat ?
Can curses pearce the Clouds, and enter heauen ;
Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quicke curses :
If not by warre, by surfet die your King.
As ours by murder to make him a King.

Edward

Edward my sonne, which now is Prince of *Wales*,
For *Edward* my sonne, which was the Prince of *Wales*,
Died in his youth by like untimely violence,
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out-liue thy glory, like my wretched selfe :
Long mayst thou liue to waile thy childrens losse,
And see another, as I see thee now
Deckt in thy glory, as thou art stald in mine:
Long dye thy happy dayes before thy death,
And after many lengthned houres of griefe,
Dye neyther mother, wife, nor *Englands* Queene,
Riuers and *Dorset*, you were standers by,
And so wast thou Lord *Hastings*, when my sonne
Was stabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you, may liue your naturall age,
But by some vnlookt accident cut off.

Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag.

Q. Mar. And leaue out thee? stay dog for thou shalt heare
If heauen haue any grieuous plague in store, (me,
Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy sinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conscience still begnaw thy soule,
Thy friends suspect for traytors whilst thou liuest,
And take deepe traytors for thy dearest friends,
No sleepe close vp the deadly eyes of thine,
Vnlesse it be whilst some tormenting dreame
Affrights thee with a hell of vgly diuels,
Thou elluish markt, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that wast seald in thy natiuity
The slaue of nature, and the sonne of hell,
Thou slander of thy mothers heauy wombe,
Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.

Glo. Margret.

Q. Mar. Richard. *Glo.* Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. Then cry thee mercy: for I had thought,